The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XII NO. 7 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1935 TEN CENTS A COPY

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Berkeley and the Modern Artist

BY PADRAIC COLUM

ONE of the significant happenings in the intellectual world of today is the revival of interest in the writings of George Berkeley. It is inexact, I know, to speak of a revival, for there has been no cessation of interest: the "Three Dialogues" and the "Seven Dialogues" have never been neglected; they have always been known and praised for their living sort of utterance, their rare power of demonstration. Still, it is not wrong to suggest that a fresh interest in Berkeley has been steadily rising: the past few years have made it possible for a cursory reader to approach him as a man and as a writer and to discover to what extent his thought illuminates certain problems of the present. In 1929 Mary Whiton Calkins's edition of Berkeley—the "Principles," the "Dialogues," the "Essay on Vision," and extracts from other works, with an informing introduction, was published; in 1930 "The Commonplace Book," with Professor Johnston's illuminating notes; in 1931, the "Life of George Berkeley," by J. M. Hone and M. M. Rossi. This last publication, it is of interest to note, has an introduction by William Butler Yeats: the poet relates the philosopher to an Irish intellectual tradition and hopes to derive from Berkeleyism an outlook that will have a creative and liberating influence on the modern mind of Ireland.

Disraeli

PADRAIC COLUM

The tribute by Dr. Yeats with certain verses he has written about the philosopher in one of his later poems make the only explicit acknowledgment, as far as I am aware, of Berkeley's influence on imaginative writers. And this is something which is difficult to understand. One would have thought that as soon as the romantic movement got going Berkeley would have been brought forward as its metaphysician. This was not the case. The overlooking of his system, or rather, of his various systems, was, I suppose, due to the fact that the Bishop, socially, politically, and ethically, was on the side of the established order, while the men who could have recognized a kinship in his thought—that the world was mental through and through—Blake, Coleridge, the young Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats—were against that order. The only poem that comes to my memory with some suggestion of Berkeleyian immaterialism in it is Coleridge's:

> O Lady! we receive but what we give,
> And in our lives alone does nature live:
> Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
> And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
> Than that inanimate cold world allowed
> To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
> Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth,
> A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
> Enveloping the earth—
> And from the soul itself must there be sent
> A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
> Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

The contemporary whom Berkeley misunderstood and condemned, Spinoza, influenced Coleridge and Wordsworth as he influenced Lessing and Goethe. This, no doubt, was because Spinoza had a poet's imagination: his philosophical structure impresses one with its austere poetry; fragments of his thought are charged with poetry—"Joy is the passage to a greater perfection, Sorrow the passage to a lesser perfection"; or that sentence which is in one of his letters:

> Therefore since the pious have incalculably more perfection than the ungodly, their virtue cannot be compared with that of the ungodly because the ungodly lack the love of God which springs from knowledge of Him, and whereby alone we, according to our human understanding, are said to be servants of God. Indeed, since they know not God, they are no more than a tool in the hand of the maker which serves unconsciously, and perishes in the service; on the other hand, the pious serve consciously and become more conscious by their service.

Berkeley is never in this region of the imagination; he makes his appeal to the reasonable mind: there are exalted passages in his "Dialogues" and in his "Essay," but they have not that poetic appeal that one feels in passages of Spinoza. The passage that sums up his immaterialism given in the sixth section of the "New Principles," is exalted, but it is not kept up long enough to carry one away:

> Some truths there are so near and obvious to the mind that a man need only open his eyes to see them. Such I take this important one to be, *viz:*—that all the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth, in a word all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world, have not any subsistence without the mind; that their *being* is to be perceived or known; that consequently so long as they are not actually perceived by me, or do not exist in my mind, nor that of any other created spirit, they must have no existence at all, or else subsist in the mind of some Eternal Spirit: it being perfectly unintelligible, and involving all the absurdity of abstraction, to attribute to any single part

(*Continued on next page*)

Next Week

JAMES BOYD: A PORTRAIT
By JULIAN R. MEADE

THE NEW AMERICA—THE NEW WORLD
By H. G. WELLS
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

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GEORGE BERKELEY, BISHOP OF CLOYNE

of them an existence independent of spirit.

For the sake of the historical record one would have, in enumerating the imaginative writers who received an influence from Berkeley, to include Oliver Goldsmith. The influence in this case came not from Berkeley the metaphysician, but from Berkeley the economist. Berkeley's autarchy—his belief in the small self-supporting community—is the social philosophy on which "The Deserted Village" is moulded.

Needless to say, it is not his social philosophy that would influence a present-day imaginative writer who went to the works of George Berkeley. Something is there for one. And since the address of the President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science we do not have to bother about defending Berkeley from the charge of being an eccentric and extravagant idealist because he maintained that the world was "mental through and through" and because he denied the existence of "an extended, solid, movable, unthinking, inactive Substance," "an extended, solid, figured, movable Substance existing without the mind." It saves a lot of distraction to the advocate of Berkeley as a thinker who has something to say to present-day artists to refer to statements in Sir James Jeans's address:

> The electron exists only in our minds. What exists beyond, and where, to put the idea of an electron into our minds we do not know . . . The old physics imagined it was studying an objective nature which had its own existence independently of the mind which perceived it—which, indeed, had existed from all eternity whether it was perceived or not . . . The birth of the new physics, with its general thesis that the nature we study does not consist so much of something we perceive as of our perceptions . . . Nature no longer forms a closed system detached from the perceiving mind; the perceiver and perceived are interacting parts of a single system.

This modern authority has saved us from having to be argumentative about the eighteenth century philosopher. We can go to Berkeley now as to a writer with clear and valuable intuitions and an individual and stimulating way of stating them. I believe that the ideas which he advances with such enthusiasm and earnestness and such a power of demonstration are of interest to writers, and indeed to artists of every kind. Being is in being perceived—this is Berkeley's main principle, and it is a principle which every artist actualizes. If things exist only in their being perceived, the more we give ourselves up to perception the more things will reveal themselves to us. Perception to Berkeley is an act of will. To perceive, to will to perceive with more and more energy, should be the human function. The deeper our perception, the richer is the reality of the thing perceived —this must be the corollary of the principle. This, then, is where Berkeley gives the artist a discipline and a support.

"The Principles of Human Knowledge" is the work about which Berkeley's immaterialism is grouped. But it is not a very admirable essay. The young philosopher engages himself in too many operations. He wants to convince us that the world is mental through and through. He also wants to show that abstract ideas (not general ideas, though) are nonsense. Also that mathematics are over-rated. Also that "a philosopher of a neighboring nation whom all the world admires," Newton, is not infallible on the matters of space and motion. Also that "The Principles of Human Knowledge" will prove a strong bulwark against religious scepticism, be an incentive to virtue, and the best guard against vice. These various operations result in too many annexes to the proper theme, so that the building which he raised has not that regularity and order which we can so much admire in others of Berkeley's works. But we have had, when we have read the essay, a teaching that should stay with us. "The object and the sensation are the same thing, and cannot therefore be abstracted from each other." "Wherever bodies are said to have no existence without the mind, I would not be understood to mean this or that particular mind, but all minds whatsoever. It does not therefore follow from the foregoing principles that bodies are annihilated and created every moment, or exist not at all during the interval between *our* perception of them."

The essay which appeared before the "Principles," "A New Theory of Vision," is a much better composition. Locke had written, "Sight, the most comprehensive of all our senses, conveying to our minds the ideas of light and colors, which are peculiar only to that sense; and also the far different ideas of space, figure and motion." Berkeley wanted to show that sight had no immediate objects beside light and colors. He wanted to show that ideas of sight and touch "make two species entirely distinct and heterogeneous"; that there is no resemblance between ideas of sight and things tangible, and that the proper objects of sight do not exist without the mind; that space and distance are no otherwise the object of sight than of hearing; that what is given us by vision is a sort of language to show us "what ideas of touch will be imprinted on our minds at such and such distances of time, and in consequence of such and such actions." The artist who follows Berkeley's reasoning in this essay will be schooled in an important direction—in the direction of really assessing the object of his attention.

> It must be acknowledged that we never see and feel one and the same object. That which is seen is one thing, and that which is felt is another. If the visible figure and extension be not the same with the tangible figure and extension, we are not to infer that one and the same thing as divers extensions. The true consequence is that the objects of sight and touch are two distinct things. It may perhaps require some thought rightly to conceive the distinction. And the difficulty seems not a little increased, because the combination of visible ideas hath constantly the same name as the combination of tangible ideas wherewith it is connected. . . . In order, therefore, to treat accurately and unconfusedly of vision, we must bear in mind that there are two sorts of objects apprehended by the eye—the one primarily and immediately, the other secondarily and by intervention of the former. Those of the first sort neither are nor appear to be without the mind,

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by The Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XII, No. 7, June 15, 1935. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879.

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English Family Life

LATTER HOWE. By Doreen Wallace. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by DOROTHEA PERKINS

THIS book comes straight out of the English farm country, bringing with it the light and shadow of Cumberland fells and the bleakness of Norfolk meadows. "Latter Howe" is the name of a farm in the Lake District, the home of Lanty Lewthwaite, a simple and imaginative young sheep-farmer such as Wordsworth might have idealized in a poem. Remote from the England of the post-war years, Latter Howe is, paradoxically, the source of Lanty's capacity for solitude and the scene of his romantic courtship of a girl eight years older than himself, a don at a London university.

Katherine Parrett with her conventional background and boyish beauty comes as a strange violation of Lanty's primitive surroundings, but her ready intelligence and her passionate companionship make life at Latter Howe idyllic. When children and the well-meant insistence of Katherine's rich relatives, who consider that she has married beneath her, drag Katherine and Lanty away from Latter Howe, together they offset the confusion of their piling responsibilities with that perfect harmony which they have attained upon the fells. When Katherine is found to have a fatal case of tuberculosis, the threat of invalidism almost estranges her husband, but through Katherine's courage and Lanty's sacrifice, their love remains an unstained memory which Lanty carries back into the solitude of Latter Howe.

The narrative is as simple and straightforward as the people it describes. It penetrates no depths of sensation and reaches no heights of imagination, but it has a certain Anglo-Saxon truthfulness. It is almost distressingly objective. At times one gets annoyed at this enforced detachment, but it is an authentic way to look at English family life.

DOREEN WALLACE

ROBERT FRANCIS

A Serious Fairy Story

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR. By Robert Francis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

ROBERT FRANCIS is a new French writer, who announces himself to be a disciple of Alain Fournier, Dickens, and Hans Christian Andersen. With such mentors, the young author's viewpoint could hardly be that of a sternly realistic historian of life, and it is no surprise to find his characters moving in a dream-world of childhood where proportions and sentiments are variable at will, and where adults take on the grotesque qualities of fairy-tale monsters. "The Wolf at the Door" is the English version of M. Francis's novel "La Grange aux Trois Belles," which is designed to be the first part of a sequence to be called "The Story of a Family under the Third Republic." Two more sections have recently appeared in France.

Most of its material is drawn from conventional incidents in stories for children, such as the tale of the babes lost in the wood who discover a mysterious little house inhabited by an automaton, or that of the old maker of dolls who turns out to be a young noble in disguise. The misty and romantic background of the story, which is laid in the forest regions of northern France during the period just after the Franco-Prussian War, is also familiar, and serves admirably to enhance the unreal atmosphere of the book. Curiously unfamiliar, however, is the serious manner in which all this is presented, with full details and ample characterization. M. Francis employs, in short, the matter and sometimes the technique of a book for children, but expands and elaborates it for the use of a grown-up audience. The note is unusual in French literature, unheard perhaps since Alain Fournier's charming "Le Grand Meaulnes," known in English as "The Wanderer." To Anglo-Saxons, who have always paid more attention to the poetry of childhood, with its imaginative blend of the humblest realities and the miraculous, it may seem less of a novelty. In any case the popularity of M. Francis's book with his compatriots suggests that it has been taken by them as a harmless example of the "literature of escape."

There is no very definite plot. The three little daughters of Pamploix, a poor milkman in a tiny village of French Flanders, are the heroines, but there are many other important characters, both real and unreal, animal and human, but all strange and of a baroque appearance and demeanor. Aunt Tirelo and her Convent, the retired courtesan Segonde, Christian the hero, who turns up in five successive disguises—all these combine in a picture of abundant if highly artificial liveliness, full of irrelevancies and repetitions, at times incomprehensible, at others pathetic and charming. Even if at the end of the book one is still not quite sure what it is all about, much of "The Wolf at the Door" may be read with pleasure in this excellent translation, and one may hope that some explanation of the author's fantasies will be vouchsafed us in the later portions of his novel-series.

For there can be no question of his ability to write exquisitely turned prose. He gives us the fresh essence of some country scene, or a delicate impression of childhood, in a few sentences, and when he chooses is able to move us with the woes of even his most absurd characters. M. Francis seems, in fact, to have created his little world so spontaneously and in such enthusiastic good faith that he has simply not thought it worth while to bother about conflicting details, faults, or weaknesses in the narrative. In addition, there is far too much of it all, but much may be forgiven a writer who takes such evident pleasure in his work. The result, if sometimes incoherent and puzzling, is also often original and charming—especially if it is compared with the innumerable only too easily classifiable novels that have come out of France in recent seasons.

Bittersweet

By KATHARINE SHEPARD HAYDEN

THE lacy grass is purple now,
And taller than the clover;
The daisies shine in mountain fields,
And the wild rose is over.

The lady-slippers shrank and browned
Before the end of June—
As if they dared not wait to see
This gold midsummer moon.

The columbine has drooped and gone,
The honeysuckle too;
And now the black-eyed Susans wear
The crystal summer dew.

And there are tears upon the smiles
We have for each newcomer—
It means another spring has gone,
To greet another summer!

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Wild Men of America

AMERICAN MESSIAHS. By the Unofficial Observer. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by HERBERT AGAR

THE importance of this book is partly obscured by the barrage of tawdry phrases which the author has laid down before and behind his subject. The book deals with the wild men of present-day American politics, and the author discusses them wisely and with sympathy; but why does he start his discussion by saying that these are "the men who put not only the 'I' but the 'mess' in Messiah"? Why call Upton Sinclair "Tarzan of the Epic"? Why call the LaFollette brothers "The Rover Boys at Armageddon"? Even if these *mots* were good they would be unworthy of the book. For the Unofficial Observer has seen the truth about these Messiahs: that they are "the blood and bone of America." They represent the authentic America—groping vainly at the moment, sadly amateur in economics, with its full quota of original sin but with its heart in the right place. Since the book deals sensibly with this important theme, the wisecracks are an impertinence.

Huey Long, Father Coughlin, Dr. Townsend, Floyd Olson, Norman Thomas, General Johnson, and Sinclair—these are a few of the leading Messiahs whom the Unofficial Observer dissects. The Observer knows American history; he knows what Americans are feeling and saying today. He is too wise to dismiss the Messiahs as knaves and mountebanks, for he knows they can teach us a lot about our perplexed country. The book raises all the right questions; whether it gives the right answers cannot be settled offhand by a reviewer. But the best tribute this reviewer can pay the book is to go on with some of the arguments, not with the thought of catching the author out but because the arguments are well worth following.

The discussion of Father Coughlin rests on the thesis that the radio priest's program (aside from the money-heresies) is based on the two Papal Encyclicals: Leo XIII's "Rerum Novarum" of 1891, and Pius XI's "Quadragesimo Anno" of 1931. This is doubtless what Father Coughlin thinks; and in general matters, such as social justice and coöperation between employers and employed, the influence of the encyclicals is clear. Yet it is possible to hold that in the most important point of all Father Coughlin misinterprets the encyclicals, producing a doctrine the contrary of what the Popes intended. Leo XIII wrote: "The law, therefore, should favor ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many people as possible to become owners." Ownership, of course, can mean two things: it can mean the irresponsible, attenuated ownership of the "little man" who has ten shares of New York Central; or it can mean the responsible, character-building ownership of the "little man" who has his own store, machine shop, or farm. A study of Catholic sociology makes it seem probable that Leo XIII meant ownership in the second sense. From St. Thomas to St. Antonino, the medieval doctors held that *real* property, the means of production, should be in the largest possible number of hands. The church has never contradicted that doctrine. It is a doctrine that lies close to the American heart; it is Bryan's economy of the small town, the free farmer, and the merchant at the crossroads store.

The moral difference between these two kinds of ownership is suggested by the Unofficial Observer himself, when he writes,

> A man whose living depends on a weekly pay-envelope cannot indulge the same liberty of political action which is permitted to a farmer who, after all, has a house—even if mortgaged—from which he cannot be easily evicted and who possesses the means to produce the food and fuel needed for his household.

The same may be said of the man who owns his store, machine shop, cargo boat, or small factory. He has a power of resistance to the distant autocrat, not only in political matters, but in the deeper questions of what he shall think, where he shall worship, how he shall bring up his children. This power of resistance, this relative freedom, is not possessed by the man who owns ten shares of an industrial stock. In good times that may be a very pleasant thing to own; but the owner may find himself penniless because of a panic in London, or because some rascal kills himself in Paris. No effort on the part of the "owner," no strength of character, can help the situation.

The fact that ownership in the real sense makes for freedom, and is therefore the basis for self-government, was noticed by the American Fathers. It seems to be noticed less and less by the Americans of today. It does not seem to be noticed at all by Father Coughlin, who says, "wealth must be distributed, even through the intervention of the government, in such a way that every laborer who coöperates in producing this wealth shall have that share of it which will enable him to enjoy, according to his merits, the things that we are capable of growing and manufacturing." This "wealth" which Father Coughlin wants to distribute consists of goods after they have been produced, not of the means of production. Now a man who is assured by the state of a fair share of the national wealth, in the sense of goods, is far better off than the man who is assured of nothing and who gets almost nothing. He is nevertheless in a servile position. If he holds the wrong opinions, if he worships in the wrong pew, if he has too many (or too few) babies, if he makes himself a bother in any way to the "planners" at headquarters, he can be called to order. If he does not obey, he is likely to be liquidated. . . . But a man living in a state where "the law favors ownership" in the real sense, and favors it effectively, can thumb his nose (within limits) at the man bringing orders from the government.

It is perhaps the failure to observe this

FROM THE ENDPAPERS OF "AMERICAN MESSIAHS"

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distinction which accounts for the Unofficial Observer's feeling (expressed on page two) that it is unfair to identify Huey Long and his methods with Hitler and fascism. For in the light of this distinction it seems fair to say that a Share-the-Wealth program ("wealth" meaning goods, not means of production) *is* fascism. It may be honest or dishonest fascism; but in either case it presupposes a tyrant state formed for the purpose of seeing to it that the wealth is (or is not) shared—the means of production being left in the hands of a relatively few owners. The distinction between the plans of Long or Father Coughlin, and Leo XIII's doctrine of distributed ownership, is the distinction between Mussolini and Bryan.

The argument with the Unofficial Observer could go on indefinitely, not because the Observer is necessarily wrong in his conclusions but because he is always interesting.

Herbert Agar's book on American presidents, "The People's Choice," was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for history a year ago.

Gifted Story Telling

A LONDON STORY. By George Buchanan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

SLIGHT though it is, short, curt, almost clumsy, this first novel by George Buchanan is a remarkable piece of gifted story telling. Observation and sympathy meet in it, profound and inextricable. Its incidents succeed one another with all the swiftness and surprise of something seen momentarily through a lighted window or caught in the brief circle of a street lamp.

Its plot seems to revolve about the ancient wisdom of "better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." This, to be sure, is not very original of Mr. Buchanan; it is even rather obvious of him. But when you have read his tale you may be inclined to ask yourself whether originality is such an essential value, and whether the obvious is not at times a most exciting thing to explore.

John Coombe and his wife Beryl, Nicholas Coombe and his wife Phillida are neither exceptional nor astounding figures: but they are alive and they are true to London life—so alive, indeed, and so true to life that they even resist their creator's strange occasional itch to turn them into shapes of pure allegory. In John's brutal, unimaginative upward career as publicity manager of a large department store; in Nicholas's descent through the grey circles of joblessness; in Beryl's coldness and the simplicity of Phillida—Mr. Buchanan has contrived such a vivid pattern of upper middle-class life as rarely comes one's way. This is definitely *not* a book to be missed.

Violence Down Under

LANDTAKERS. By Brian Penton. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

WHEREAS, some time ago, G. B. Lancaster wrought a long romantic novel from the materials of early Australian history—with especial reference to Tasmania—Mr. Penton has painted a thoroughly realistic picture from the same materials, confining himself to the mainland of "Her Majesty's Gaolyard." Like the Comyns of Miss Lancaster's book, Derek Cabell was a free settler; that is, nominally, he came there of his own free will, though there were circumstances not exactly of his own making that had forced that choice. Hating the vast continent from the moment he set foot on it, fighting it for well over twenty years of his life, he came in time to be transformed and reshaped to its implied will, and learned to love it.

BRIAN PENTON

The long story of his struggle makes a novel whose incident is of such unmitigated violence that, were there not ample documentary evidence to substantiate the legend, it would not be difficult to believe it had been woven of whole cloth. His struggles began under the tutelage of McGovern, as black a villain as either life or fiction might credibly offer for our consideration; a thief, a liar, a bully, and a sadist, McGovern remained his nemesis even after Cabell's early escape from him, and they both lived to meet again under circumstances as ironical as they were violent. Time had changed them both; Cabell had moved four hundred miles into the bush, staked out his own ranch and spent the best years of his life fighting to keep his sheep on their feet, the dream always in his mind of returning to England some day, a wealthy man. Drought, bush-fires, hostile natives, infernal heat, rain, floods, mosquitoes, sandfleas, scab, dingoes, crows, footrot, fever, and the justifiable treachery of convict-labor—this was the routine of the stockman's life. Australia was expanding; the convict-ships had long ceased to pour the scum of Britain's penal code into the empty continent—men and women whose life in the new colony was a hell of almost unprecedented human exploitation—the towns were growing. Gold was discovered.

Cabell had made enemies; he had left McGovern practically for dead many years before; he had stolen a roan stallion from Flanagan; he had encouraged a dour Scotsman whom he met once in the bush to settle near him; he had harbored an ex-convict, Gursey, who had abetted his attempt on McGovern's life, but who, maddened by years of brutality suffered at the hands of Government, boss, and fellow-man, was indirectly instrumental in bringing about much of the torment he suffered, both physical and spiritual. And there was Emma.

The novel is frank melodrama from cover to cover, but so profoundly has Mr. Penton observed his materials and so expertly has he made use of them, that the reader moves from horror to violence, through rare moments of peace, with the utmost confidence in his author's integrity and his authority to speak for an epoch long since ended. The beauty of the bush, the intolerable loneliness that drove many a sound character to eccentricity or madness, the unrelenting struggle with fire, water, heat and drought, disease and moral disintegration—these elements live in the mind and heart of the reader through every page he follows Mr. Penton's narrative, and he will follow it to the end. There are characters here wrought from the imperishable flesh of humanity, and recognizable as such the minute they step onto the page; Cabell, the man of the "aristocracy," whose life in Australia was a chaos of loneliness, vacillation, and tormented conscience; McGovern, the entirely credible embodiment of incredible evil; Gursey, the convict whose tortured mind could cope with only one idea—that he was pursued; Emma, who lived only to forget the past; as well as a host of minor characters—eccentrics, convicts, stockmen, petty politicians, thieves, remittance men, barkeeps, whores. There are intricate human situations handled here with a sympathy and artistry that are the hallmarks of a novelist of major stature; this is a first novel.

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The Saturday Review
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THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Commencement, 1935

OURS is a versatile nation. A democracy in which education has from the beginning been the privilege of the masses, which began as a pioneering people the very condition of whose existence was an ability to meet the menacing and the unexpected with resourcefulness, and which in maturity has enjoyed so high a level of prosperity as to afford leisure for travel and sport to the many, is as a matter of course a nation of many aptitudes. Ingenuity has long been rated a Yankee virtue, and enterprise an American characteristic. The man in the street, even more than the scholar, feels himself competent to express an opinion on anything under the sun, and is rarely at a loss in a tight place for a suggestion. Large numbers of persons who have not even a bowing acquaintance with economics are quite ready to offer panaceas for the ills that beset the industrial world, and everybody is ready to take a hand in settling his neighbor's business. Let humanism become a fad of the moment, and a legion of serious-minded parlor philosophers who are blandly innocent of the humanism of the past will debate its issues, and when technocracy succeeds to it as an intellectual sensation, another legion will shake mournful heads over the sorry state of a mechanized world. Truly, knowledge has come down from the heights to the market place, but is it knowledge? Or is it merely interest compounded with daring and self-confidence?

At this moment, when the universities are again sending forth their eager thousands into a world distraught by gigantic problems, a fresh tide of energy is about to be let loose upon the country. The country, heaven knows, has need of all that it can get of vigor and idealism and ideas. But what it needs not at all is half-baked theorists and ill-buttressed opinions. It needs a youth full of generous enthusiasm and ranging curiosity, versatile in its interests but not overweening in its self-reliance, a youth that spurns, as is its prerogative, those mistakes of the past which the present has thrown into focus, but that has sufficient balance not to cry anathema on all that is because part of it is bad. It needs a youth that is versatile in the sense that it has aptitude for new tasks, but whose versatility smacks nothing of superficiality. It demands young men and young women who do not believe that education ends with college, but who carry away from the university an abiding delight in books as the source of entertainment and invigoration and guidance.

For the man who reads well is the man who thinks well, who has a background for opinion and a touchstone for judgment. He may be a Lincoln who derives wisdom from a few books or a Roosevelt who ranges from Icelandic sagas to "Penrod." But reading makes him a full man, and out of his fulness he draws that example and precept which stand him in good stead when confronted with the problems which beset a chaotic universe. Mere reading, of course, is nothing. It is but the veneer of education. But wise reading is a help to action. American versatility is too frequently dilettantism, but reinforced by knowledge it becomes motive power. "Learning," as Mr. James L. Mursell, writing of it in a current periodical, remarks, "cashes the blank check of native versatility." And learning is a process not to be concluded with the formal teaching of college days or to be enriched only by the active experience of later years, but to be broadened and deepened by persistent and judicious reading. "The true University of these days is a Collection of Books," said Carlyle. If that is not the whole of the truth it is enough of it for every graduate to hug to his bosom.

Five Kinds of Reviewers In an article called "The Literary Worker's Polonius," published in the June issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Edmund Wilson lists five kinds of book reviewers. The first he classifies as "people who want work," consisting of "college graduates, indigent radicals, escaped debutantes and wives . . . and many other types who want to write." The second category contains literary columnists of newspapers, "to be valued, not as essayists or critical authorities, but as chroniclers of the literary news." Class three consists of "people who want to write about something else"—young reviewers, chiefly, who neglect the book under review in order to let out their own ideas on life. The fourth kind is the "reviewer expert," who reviews books in his special field. (These, according to Mr. Wilson, are likely to be biased.) The fifth class is that of the "reviewer critics." "These," to quote the author, "are extremely rare." Indeed the only one he mentions with unqualified approval is Sainte-Beuve.

All this has considerable application; but it seems an uncompromising picture. Journalistic reviewers do a much better job than Mr. Wilson admits; and as to "experts," most editors can distinguish between the biased and the unbiased. The fact is that most reviewers either belong, at different times, to more than one of Mr. Wilson's categories, or else they belong to none at all. Most reviewers, however they began, have grown beyond the first two classes of hangers-on and bright young men. And of all those who review books more or less regularly, few are newspaper columnists. Many of them have other activities, academic or professional, besides reviewing books. And what of the large list of distinguished men in various walks of life—the practical rather than the scholarly experts—who take the time to keep up with the new books in their fields of interest, and are glad to do special reviewing solely because they are interested in the dissemination of ideas? We should like to nominate a sixth category of reviewers to Mr. Wilson's list. This category should have a flexible designation, for it contains unbiased specialists, capable journalists, persons of general cultivation who have learned to review books by practice—various kinds of good reviewers, in fact, whom Mr. Wilson has left out.

Arthur Ruhl In the death last week of Arthur Ruhl *The Saturday Review* mourns the passing of one of its most valued contributors. Mr. Ruhl was that critic any literary journal might count itself fortunate to possess, the journalist of wide experience and insatiable curiosity whose scrupulous regard for the truth and nice sense of values were never betrayed by his felicity of style into overstatement or rhetoric. He was an acute observer of the passing scene as well as a veteran reporter of much that has now become history. His loss is indeed a sore one.

Ten Years Ago

In the corresponding issue of 1925, The Saturday Review recommended "May Fair," by Michael Arlen. William Rose Benét, who reviewed the book in that issue, wrote: *"The touch of the accomplished craftsman . . . the dexterity of this artful writer in manipulating the plots of his stories is a genuine gift. . . . That 'The Green Hat' should prove a stage success will hardly surprise, for Mr. Arlen's sense of the dramatic is sharp."* . . . "The Green Hat" was one of the outstanding successes of the following year, both in New York and on the road.

Today

The Saturday Review recommends these new books:

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR. By Robert Francis. See review on page 5.

AMERICAN MESSIAHS. By the Unofficial Observer. See review on page 6.

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Letters to the Editor: *Bringing Book News to Rural Readers*

Wanted: Rural Book News

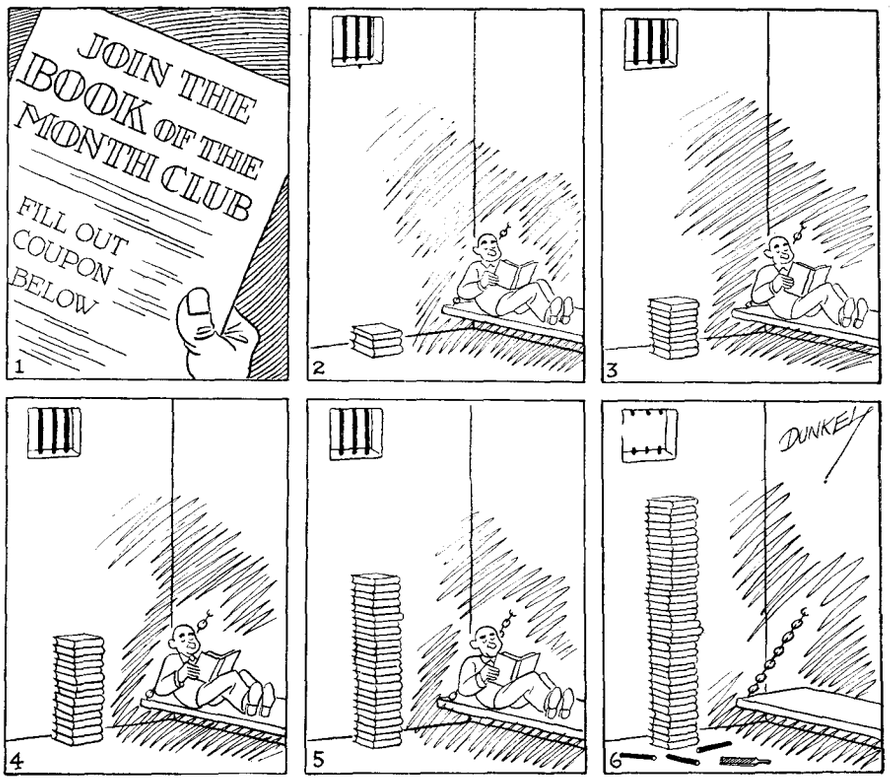
SIR:—I should like to tell of certain present-day Americans who have not, I think, received adequate attention from publishers. These Americans whom my chronicle concerns have never heard of "Anthony Adverse"; they do not know that an indomitable Englishman named H. G. Wells has lately launched upon the world the record of his years; such names as Franz Werfel and Stark Young are gibberish to their ears. Who, then, are these pitiful ignoramuses? Perhaps it occurs to you that they must be hairy hill-billies or a passel of inbred cretins from the Ozarks? I will tell you who they are; not hill-billies, not back-woodsmen "with no larnin'," but thousands upon thousands of farming families in whose barns are the most costly and most up-to-date machines and in whose incomes there is ample room for a book-budget. They live in Wisconsin and in Texas, in Oregon and Pennsylvania, and every other state of this large and oddly educated country. They live, for example, in this rural region where I make my home; they are my neighbors.

Suppose we look at just one of these families; suppose we vicariously invade the neat little farmhouse where dwell "Grandpa" Hollenbeck and his family, my nearest neighbors on R. F. D. No. 2. The old folks attended the District School, and every member of both second and third generations holds a diploma from the excellent High School in the village six miles from here. Carl Hollenbeck is reading aloud. A thrilling tale, perhaps, of mutiny on the ship *Bounty*, or some gay and newly issued popular novel? No, Carl is reading a book which he has read many times before, a tattered old volume that is as a symbol of entertainment to all the Hollenbecks. The name of it is "Kenilworth."

And now if you will come with me into that formidably cheerless room that the Hollenbecks call the parlor, and if you will inspect with me the "library" there—those fifteen or twenty musty volumes ranged on the shelves of the corner cupboard—perhaps you will agree that "Kenilworth" is the best of the lot. Most of these books are bound volumes of farm-reports, and the others are such gilt-filigreed opera as the "Life of Washington" and similar horrible tributes to the persuasiveness of some itinerant book-agent in the eighties.

The Hollenbecks are not isolated in the impenetrable backwoods; their farm is less than forty miles from Albany. Nor are they uneducated hayseeds, in whom might reasonably be expected a large literary apathy.

Now the only newspapers scanned by most of the dwellers in Ruralia are the meagre weeklies published in the surrounding small towns. However bursting these newspapers may be with local news and gossip, however thoroughly they may cover the agricultural news-front of the area, they exhibit—all of them—one woefully glaring lack. That lack is Book News.



Here are no reviews, no publishers' advertisements, none of those literary gossip columns or book departments which, in metropolitan papers, remind the reader that exciting books are being published. Here, in these village weeklies, is conveyed no inkling at all that literature is still alive, no hint to tell Carl Hollenbeck that the world no longer hails "Kenilworth" as the Book of the Hour.

Perhaps it may be asked: Even were the Hollenbecks made acquainted, through news and advertising agencies, with current books, would they then buy them to read? I do not know. But I believe that in every intelligent person of the middle-income group there exists at least a potential book-buyer. The aggregate "Hollenbecks" of the country represent a vast amount of money, and they are ready and eager, I would hazard, to be weaned from their 50-year-old copies of "The Life of Washington" and their tattered volumes of Sir Walter Scott, and led into book-realms more modern and more thrilling.

ALAN DEVOE.

Hillsdale, N. Y.

Shelley's Dante

SIR:—I am anxious to trace a copy of the works of Dante formerly the property of the poet Shelley and containing MS notes by his hand. It is a five-volume edition of the year 1793 and is last mentioned in a catalogue issued by G. Winter, 52 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C., in the spring of 1920. [See Paget Toynbee, "Britain's Tribute to Dante," Oxford U. P., 1921, p. 56.]

I understand that the volumes subsequently went to America but have been unable to find out anything further. If any of your readers could supply me with information that would help me to discover their present whereabouts I should be deeply grateful.

(Dr.) N. A. ROBB.

4 Walton Street,
Oxford, England.

Mr. Van Druten's Plot

SIR:—In your issue of May 11 you published a letter from John Van Druten in regard to the origin of a plot in which the guests fail to appear at a party due to the destruction of the invitations by a child. I remember several years ago this same plot in a French novel by Irène Némirowsky, called "Le Bal."

DOROTHY MARSHALL WARFIELD.

New York City.

Nathan Hale

SIR:—The subscriber is at present engaged upon a "Documentary Life of Captain Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy of the American Revolution," and is desirous of locating, in particular, letters to Hale and securing photographic or photostatic copies of them, by which copies in his possession may be checked. Anyone having letters to Hale, or other documents, will confer a great favor by communicating with the subscriber, who has been interested all his life in Hale's story, and bought and restored Hale's birthplace in South Coventry, Connecticut, to constitute a national shrine for him.

GEORGE DUDLEY SEYMOUR.

223 Bradley Street,
New Haven, Connecticut.

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Edna Ferber

BY LOUIS BROMFIELD

SHE is one of the personalities of our time and in order to know her you must be a friend, because toward strangers she has a manner which is at once a mixture of shyness and hostility and because she shuns publicity as much as most novelists court it. She is difficult to write about, not only because I am very fond of her but also because she is a curious and complicated mixture of tastes, of impulses and emotions. The truth is, I think, that when America gained a fine chronicle novelist, an excellent playwright, and a writer of short stories of the first order, it lost a great actress.

If, as one sometimes does in playing parlor games, one was to give Edna Ferber mythical parents, I should at once choose Sarah Bernhardt as her mother and the Prophet Jeremiah as her father. This strange parentage is one of the elements which makes her character difficult and sometimes a little confusing. And I think that possibly among her parents and grandparents one would find that she is somehow related to Werther. She is an incorrigible romantic in the good nineteenth century sense. I myself understand perfectly the essence of the romantic's soul. It is born of the profound belief, never abandoned in the face of the most disillusioning experiences, that people, especially one's friends, should always be nobler, finer, more virtuous, more glamorous, and more beautiful than it is possible for any poor mortal ever to be.

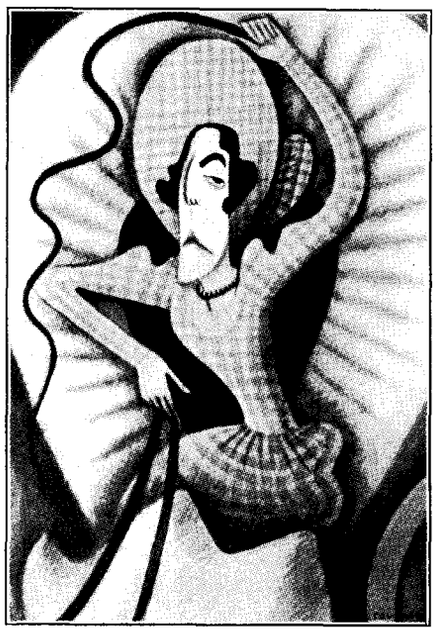
If the stars had been in a different position on the night she was born she would have been a great actress, something which at the moment the world has need of. For myself I am satisfied with the novelist and playwright, more satisfied than Miss Ferber herself, for she is always in a state of distress over her shortcomings, sometimes real and more often imaginary, as a novelist. I know that at times she has a great yearning to emerge from the wings and play a great role, and frequently, at the rehearsals of one of her own plays, she is seized with a violent longing to climb over the orchestra pit and play a role as it should be played. Blocked at its source, all her instinct for acting has been sublimated into a talent for writing for the theatre, for the perfect sense of drama which is in her novels and made "Showboat" on the stage one of the great events of our troubled times; and sometimes it has been sublimated into a talent for poking life itself into something as fine and as exciting as the things which happen behind the footlights.

Life is rarely as exciting as that, so Miss Ferber is likely at moments of baffled irritation to take it by the scruff of the neck and slap it into shape. Now and again, without any warning, you find yourself caught up in a terrific situation and there you are suddenly, trembling and frightened, playing opposite a great actress in a role and a scene which you never quite understand. At first all this is baffling but with a little experience you begin to understand that you are simply an instrument in the hands of Miss Ferber, being used to poke and prod life into being more exciting. After three or four weeks of hard work in some hideaway, she has begun to find life very dull and so, after going over one of the largest lists of sincere and devoted friends possessed by any individual alive today, she selects you at random and sallies forth to invent a little drama.

After a really satisfactory performance, Miss Ferber's instinct for drama will be appeased for days and even weeks and she will get a lot of good work done. She has had an extremely distinguished list of leading men which includes Noel Coward, Jed Harris, Marc Connelly, George Kaufman, Harold Ross, Alexander Woollcott, and many others. As heavy woman she has employed Margaret Pulitzer, Dorothy Parker, Beatrice Kaufman, and others equally well known. All of them love her.

All of which, with a good deal more which I mean to say, helps to explain why Miss Ferber is one of the most vivid personalities I know.

A good deal of it is a simple matter of vitality. It is impossible to write of Edna Ferber without writing as well of her mother. Known simply as Julia to her friends of all ages, she is ageless, indefatigable, handsome, entertaining, and the best company in the world. And she has character. She is always as young as the youngest person in the room. She loves good food, and the best food in New York (and I say this as one whose only vanities in life are gardening and food) is to be had at her flat and that of her daughter Edna. In Miss Ferber's flat the food is concocted by a fabulous and handsome colored woman called Rebecca Henry who herself deserves a whole article. It is concocted with strong hints from both Miss Ferber and her mother because they "know." The walnut cake and the lobster and fish salad to be had at their small dinners are only two items on a long list in a household so hospitable that I am tempted to list it among the five best restaurants in the world.



EDNA FERBER

Caricature by Covarrubias from "In the Worst Possible Taste" (Scribners).

Her dinners and her parties are always small and are, I may add, handpicked. There is no shoving, pushing crowd, guzzling cocktails; there is never any screaming or yelling to make one's self heard. Miss Ferber understands the very great art of entertaining, and when one sits down to dinner, the guests are as good as the food. Thus her flat is virtually an oasis in New York. Somehow or other she has managed to isolate her own modest apartment against the New York disease.

Sometimes her mother is present at the parties, and on such occasions she is, when she will permit it, my chosen companion. There is about her a Greco-French sense of reality and truth, and if ever the conversation becomes a little high-falutin and arty, it is likely to be deflated at once by a tart, well-aimed remark from Julia Ferber. She has had a magnificent life, and I might add is still having one, for she is one of the fortunate who never lose their zest, and out of her life she has learned (if she did not always have them) wisdom, truth, and taste. Much that appears in her daughter's books and plays and stories has been learned from her; much of it is reality. Both mother and daughter have the blessed gifts of vitality and friendliness.

One of Miss Ferber's great qualities is her sincerity. I have known many writers who were sincere either as writers or as people, but not many who were sincere in both roles. As a rule the literary temperament is unstable, changeable, and even cynical. She is none of these things; you know exactly where to find her both as a writer and woman. She attempts neither to deceive others nor, what is far worse, to deceive herself. She is one of the most successful writers of our times, and she deserves her success because she has worked for it with all her spirit and body. She has never pretended that writing is all inspiration, that novel writing is done by some spirit control which pours out words for you. She has always done her best and whether it has been excel-

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lent or indifferent, each thing she has written, each word she has put on paper, is put there through *belief*.

I have seen her work and I know that sometimes it is for her as it is for any good writer, pure, unadulterated agony. I have seen her resisting the most terrific temptations, to remain at her desk and do the thing she has to do. For two or three summers we lived in houses, side by side, writing, each doing a novel. Of the two she was by far the more conscientious, for to her what she was doing was the most important thing in the world. By that test I failed because I could not resist the sunlight of the Basque coast and the sight of the blue-green sea rolling up on a white beach, or the prospects of fishing in the surf which was churning like champagne over the rocks at the end of my garden. I gave in, but Miss Ferber stuck to her guns.

Like any good artist she respects her craft, knowing that no writer can say all of what he means to say until he has learned the craft, forgotten it, and thrown it away. You never hear from her arty, adolescent talk on the subject of writing, but no one I know is more appreciative of the work of others when it is good; and there are few people I know whose judgment I would trust as profoundly. She knows a good book when she sees one, and she is not to be hypnotized by tricks or by the fashions of the moment. That is, I think, because she knows her craft.

She is, too, an extraordinarily modest woman, far more modest about her own work than is just to it, but there is no hypocrisy in her attitude nor any false modesty. She is proud of her work and at the same time she is never quite satisfied with it. She is aware always that there is something just beyond which somehow has escaped her. I have heard her say again and again, "This is the last novel I will ever write!" but there is always another and there always will be, because she does not think that she has attained perfection. Knowing her very well, I know that she never will, for she is much too intelligent. It is impossible to imagine a smug, a complacent, Edna Ferber.

Like her mother, she is the best company in the world, not only because she is witty and intelligent but because nothing ever escapes her and if, even for a moment she is deceived, the deception does not endure and when it is gone she is the first to admit it and to laugh at herself. I have been with her in Sweden, in London, in the Basque country, in New York, and never once under any circumstances has she failed. She has, as every writer should have, a fine sense of the spectacle and her presence at table in a restaurant or at a party raises the whole level of gaiety and amusement. And she is just as good company on a beach or the edge of a cliff above the sea. I think the reason is . . . indeed the reason for everything about her, the very reason for Edna Ferber—is that she loves life and people, and that is a supreme gift from the gods.

A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF EDNA FERBER

We have one bond at least in common and that is our strange and unbalanced passion for and detestation for travel. She hates traveling and is uncomfortable and grumbling most of the time she is on her way. None the less she is one of the most restless souls I know. I have seen her planning trips which she does not in the least want to take. I have seen her departures and her arrivals and can testify that she is likely to be ill-humored both before and after the event. And I think I know the reasons for this strange dementia. If she has escaped the New York disease, she had no such luck with what I call the Middle Western fever.

Middle Westerners are incorrigible travelers, and I have a suspicion that it has something to do with a hunger for a sight of the sea, for variety, for the excitement which somehow or other none of us was able to find there as children. Born in the very center of a vast rich country, one grows up infected with the idea that excitement, color, and fascinating people all live just beyond that infinitely remote horizon. You have to travel no matter how much you hate it. Some of Miss Ferber's journeys are made conscientiously, in search for authenticity of background, but most of them are, I think, the result simply of a kind of cantankerous restlessness and of that old romantic trouble of trying to discover a world as fascinating as it should be.

She has been almost everywhere. Only last winter she made a flying trip to Egypt. It was not, I imagine, the ideal country to interest her. In any case, I got the impression that Miss Ferber did not care much for it and that she had not particularly enjoyed all the trouble of journeying there. She has seen a large part of the world and before she has finished, I imagine, she will have seen very nearly everything there is to see, grumbling all the while. What she likes best is America, and by that I do not mean the America of the crowded cities or even the small stuffy towns but the America of the Rocky Mountains and the desert of Arizona and New Mexico.

The superficial biographical details of her life are, I should think, well known to practically everyone in the United States who is literate. She has had what seems to me the best possible education for life in this modern America. Having been born in the Middle West, she came before she was twenty-one to know in detail the life of two or three small towns, each one a laboratory in which to study American life, and she made the most of her opportunities. She has worked for her living and knows how to make one dollar go as far as five, if that were still necessary. She has known a large share of the distinguished and clever people of the world and as many of the worldly ones as she chose, but she has no great liking for the worldly and the fashionable, either in life or in letters. She prefers to write about those solid, sometimes humble people who are the very essence of American life and she knows profoundly the difference between what is American and what is imitation European. She will never be one of those American writers who espouse the cause of the Left Wing or one of those who are influenced by the decadence of Europe. About everything she writes there is an atmosphere, a treatment, a penetration which is profoundly authentic and American.

I may have given the impression that Miss Ferber is a simple and direct person and if I have done so, I have failed

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completely. She is as feminine, as intricate, as contradictory as it is well possible for a woman to be. She is a good many people rolled into one. It is not only Sarah Bernhardt and Jeremiah and Werther whom I have discovered but several other people less well defined. But then Goethe himself once said something very profound about genius being born of what we should call in these times a divided personality. If you are only one person, it is quite likely that you will be dull and not accomplish much of interest to the rest of the world.

There is much more to be said on the subject of Miss Ferber. One could indeed write an entire book with no trouble at all. But I must add that she is the soul of generosity and that she is a demon shopper. I have seen her in many parts of the world engaged in what is one of her favorite pastimes—buying lace, glass, porcelain, and Heaven knows what. It is virtually impossible for her to pass the window of an attractive shop without going in, and once inside she rarely escapes without buying. A good many of the things go to her friends but no one in the world could have enough friends to care for the shopping urge of our leading American chronicler. I am convinced that somewhere, hidden away, there is a vast room filled with packing cases and packages which bear the labels of Stockholm, Prague, London, Cairo, Biarritz, and Timbuctu, which have not yet been opened because she has been unable to think up a place for the contents. Some day I hope to see a large Edna Ferber Auction which will empty that mysterious storeroom so that she may begin all over again. Or perhaps she will only take another room.

If you have never met Miss Ferber you have lost much for she is one of the persons to know in our time. If you have her for a friend, you are more than lucky, for not only is she a stalwart friend but she has the gift of making life exciting.

History by Formula

THE UNITED STATES, 1830-1850. The Nation and Its Sections. By Frederick Jackson Turner. With an Introduction by Avery Craven. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1935. $4.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

THIS long-awaited book will prove a disappointment to those who had hoped that it would rival in importance "The Frontier in American History," the work upon which Turner's fame as a historian mainly rests. The disappointment will be due only in part to the fact that the book, in spite of fifteen years of labor and more of thought, was still unfinished when Turner died. That situation has been met, as far as it was possible to meet it, by Professor Craven, Dr. Max Farrand, and Turner's secretary, Merrill H. Crissey, who with affectionate care and competent scholarship have edited the manuscript and completed the bibliographical footnotes. The disappointment concerns the plan of the book, the marked contrast between its earlier and later parts, and the doubts which it suggests regarding Turner's grasp of the period as a whole.

In a brief introduction, Professor Craven undertakes to dispel the idea that Turner had "a fixed formula or thesis for American history." Turner did not, he declares, "believe that the American experience was entirely unique; he did not think that the frontier was the sole factor in producing democracy or that only good came from frontier experiences." "His approaches were never narrow," and "no one could have abhorred oversimplification more." His chief weaknesses, in Professor Craven's view, "lay in an uneven knowledge of the varied units which made up and contributed to American life," his tendency to draw the materials for his generalizations from the Middle West, and a sympathy with the "boundless optimism of the prairies" which caused him, "regardless of the logic of facts," to end invariably "on a rising note of faith in the future, not always justified."

The defense is loyal, but the criticism is destructive. Turner may have thought himself untrammelled by a formula, but a formula nevertheless pervades his writing. He doubtless recognized that the frontier was not the whole story, but it is the frontier that bulks largest in his interpretation. Steeped as he was in the spirit of the Middle West frontier, his attitude was at bottom regional or sectional, and in the field of large national issues he was not at home. When, accordingly, he approached the comprehensive task of which this posthumous volume is the fruit, it was with prepossessions and limitations which were bound to prove hindrances.

The book falls into two parts. The first, comprising nearly two-thirds of the whole, is a detailed study of sections—New England, Middle and South Atlantic, South and North Central, and Texas and the Far West—between 1830 and 1850. With prodigal industry Turner examines the physical characteristics of the several regions, the movements of population and settlement, the racial elements of the population and the avenues of migration, the progress of agriculture, manufactures, trade and transportation, and the varied interests of labor, banking, land, education, religion, State politics, and social life. The effect as a whole is imposing.

What follows, however, is both conventional and unenlightening. The national events of the administrations of Jackson, Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, and Taylor are narrated very much as they have been narrated many times before. There is nothing essentially novel in what is said about the bank, tariff, and nullification controversies, the panic of 1837, the ups and downs of party politics, the growth of expansion sentiment and the Mexican War, or the interactions of slavery and sectionalism, nor does one gather clearly that what was happening was making inevitable a struggle over national union. With all allowance for the lack of revision which Turner would certainly have given had he lived, the absence of a chapter, never in fact written, on the Taylor administration and the Compromise of 1850, and the fact that what is now the final chapter was first designed as part of an introduction, one is forced to conclude that Turner was still thinking in terms of a thesis which only in minor parts was applicable to the period, and that the economic developments and political struggles were largely outside the range of his special interest.

GRAND RAPIDS IN 1831
From James Truslow Adams's "History of the United States" (Scribners).

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Summer Reading

IN the intervals of picking caterpillars off the rose bushes I've been jotting down some suggestions for vacation reading (as requested by L. L. D.). Most of these are of recent publication.

I'll begin with entertainment (including some pretty cruel stuff in that division). This list is not intended to cull a whole publishing season, and omits many fine things (e. g. *Musa Dagh*, *Paths of Glory*, etc.) that are being widely read.

Ruggles, Bunker and Merton by Harry Leon Wilson (now in one volume).

The 3rd Omnibus of Crime (edited by Dorothy Sayers).

The Murder of My Aunt, by "Richard Hull."

The Deadly Dowager, by Edwin Greenwood.

Skin for Skin, by Winifred Duke.

And of course, in case you missed it, *The Nine Tailors* by Dorothy Sayers. Ditto *National Velvet*, by Enid Bagnold.

Portrait of the Artist's Children, by Edward Charles, is a novel of unusual quality which you are unlikely to hear of unless you go hunting for it. I hope a few people interested in painting will read this oddly charming book.

Devotees of music, try *Friends and Fiddlers* by Catherine Drinker Bowen. Of the theatre, *The Curtain Falls* by Joseph Verner Reed. Of geography and exploration, *Unrolling the Map* by Leonard Outhwaite and *Attack on Everest* by Ruttledge. Of biology (with plenty of plain speaking), *Rats, Lice and History* by Hans Zinsser.

Amateurs of history and politics will find much in *A History of the World War* by Liddell Hart and *The Road to War* by Walter Millis. For true and marrowy sea heroisms, *SOS to the Rescue* by Karl Baarslag. For the humors of human credulity and a fascinating study of the mind in its optative mood, *Wish and Wisdom*, by Joseph Jastrow. For a thoughtful perspective of French character and education, *My Old World* by Abbé Dimnet. If you've always intended to know something about Montaigne and never got round to him, try *The Autobiography of Montaigne* by Marvin Lowenthal, a quite remarkable achievement; it rearranges the essays to form a connected account of Montaigne's life.

Two older books of tranquillizing felicity, perfect for solitude and solstice, are Pater's *Marius the Epicurean* and Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorp*. To these, as a quiet companion, I suggest *An Almanac for Moderns* by Donald Peattie.

In poetry, at opposite ends of the temperamental spectrum I suggest *The Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson* and *The Primrose Path* by Ogden Nash.

For students of literary doings, *The Georgian Scene* by Frank Swinnerton, and *Creating the Modern American Novel* by Harlan Hatcher. The Random House series of One Volume Editions ($3.50 each) are packed with pleasures: for instance the *Swift*, the *Donne*, the *Hazlitt*. For rather more intricate discussion of literary problems, *Themes and Conventions of Elizabethan Tragedy* by M. C. Bradbrook (Macmillan, $4). This book (as professor Esther Dunn pointed out in her able review in this paper) has more bearing on contemporary writing than you might suppose.

PORTRAIT OF SHERLOCK HOLMES
Drawn by C. H. Taffs

Part of any honest list of suggestions may be one's own hunches about books one has not yet read. Books I myself should enjoy getting at, though I haven't seen them, are:—

The Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins.

The MS of Shakespeare's Hamlet, by J. Dover Wilson.

And, in lighter vein, I have a feeling that these are worth while:—*The Doctor's Son* by John O'Hara; *February Hill* by Victoria Lincoln; *Most Beautiful Lady* by Dorothea Brande; *Who Rides on a Tiger* by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. I repeat, I haven't read these last, but what I've heard about them has made me willing to do so. Which is an enormous step forward for one who has a good deal of print to cover.

Let's add Walt Whitman's *Prose* (David McKay, Philadelphia, has I think the only easily available volume) and Edmund Gosse's *Father and Son*. I am prepared to be reproached if I lead anyone astray.

Guide to Connecticut

Connecticut has always been to us on Long Island a symbol of distance and allure, a blue horizon across the Sound. The children's first use of its difficult name, long ago, showed that they believed it to mean any country accessible only by adventure and foray. To me, in early youth (my skyline then being different) it sounded uninteresting, a bustle of clocks, firearms, sewing machines, and an equally disconcerting hum of education.

Occasional drives through the State have taught me different; it would be hard to find anything pleasanter on a spring day than the drive up the Housatonic Valley, loitering by the old covered bridges at Cornwall and West Cornwall. Our diligent editor, Mr. Canby, spends much time in that happy region, to the dismay of the trout. When one sees fishermen standing armpit-deep in the rushing stream I always think it a pretty accurate symbol of the editor of this Review, up to his neck in the spate of literature.

But I hardly realized how much Connecticut offers for the explorer until I chanced upon *The Connecticut Guide* lately published by the Emergency Relief Commission in Hartford. It is an attractive paper-bound volume of 320 pp., well mapped and indexed; "a Project of the State Planning Board," says the title-page; compiled by Edgar L. Heermance. Governor Wilbur L. Cross writes a brief cordial greeting to Connecticut's visitors in this year of her 300th anniversary. It is an admirably rich souvenir for exiles from the Nutmeg State, and good to slip into the pocket of a touring car. I'm only sorry that the book gives no indication of its price.

Many little curiosities that I chanced upon in looking through the book give me an impulse to cross the Sound again and go looking. It's interesting at this season to know that in Elizabeth Park, Hartford, is one of the finest rose gardens in the country, "visited by thousands in the

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month of June." Mark Twain's bicycle is preserved at the Connecticut Historical Society in Hartford. Hillhouse Avenue in New Haven is described as "only two blocks long but one of the most beautiful streets in America." Near the Boston Post Road east of Old Lyme "Judge Noyes has planted a mile of roses, worth taking a June drive to see." In Danbury the News Building still stands "where the Danbury News Man made his reputation as humorist." I've heard since boyhood about the Danbury News Man and often wondered whether he was up to the standard of my old favorite "M. Quad." The name Podunk for rural simplicity comes apparently from the Podunk Indians who were once dominant in Connecticut. In Sharon is an elm tree with a girth of 25 feet. In the Mountain Grove Cemetery in Bridgeport is a 40-foot shaft in memory of General Tom Thumb, surmounted by a "life-sized" statue. In Beardsley Park, Bridgeport, is a Shakespeare Garden and a reproduction of Anne Hathaway's cottage. Near Ridgefield is a tea-house called the Port of Missing Men, which I suppose is a reminiscence of Meredith Nicholson's novel. Richard Hoe, of printing press fame, built an imitation Rhineland castle on a hill near Simsbury. The main street of Farmington is "one of the most beautiful in Connecticut." Elihu Yale is buried at Wrexham, in Wales.

Speaking of the pleasures of exploring in Connecticut, if you should be motoring near Granby, I commend the Rain Barrel Tearoom. The name was irresistible when we happened to pass it, well drenched in an open car, on one of the wettest days this spring.

Congratulations are due to all those who cooperated in compiling this admirable guide-book, which will give every reader a new affection and respect for a State which is very much more beautiful than many people ever suspect. The motto on its seal—*Qui transtulit sustinet*—is surely too dull. The guide suggests four annual pilgrimages to the Connecticut woodlands: in April for the first shades of red and green in the foliage; in May for dogwood and cherry; in June for mountain laurel; in October for the autumn colors.

I have a desire to quote one of Edwin Arlington Robinson's less known poems. It comes in his "Variations of Greek Themes" (v. the *Collected Poems* p. 225) and is adapted from Nicarchus—whose name is otherwise unknown to me. Thus:

A Mighty Runner

The day when Charmus ran with five
In Arcady, as I'm alive,
He came in seventh.—"Five and one
Make seven, you say? It can't be done."—
Well, if you think it needs a note,
A friend in a fur overcoat
Ran with him, crying all the while,
"You'll beat 'em, Charmus, by a mile!"
And so he came in seventh.
Therefore, good Zoilus, you see
The thing is plain as plain can be;
And with four more for company,
He would have been eleventh.
—Edwin Arlington Robinson

This episode may occasionally serve as parable for Author and Publisher.

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Berkeley and the Artist

(*Continued from page* 4)

or at any distance off. They may, indeed, grow greater or smaller, more confused, or more clear, or more faint. But they do not, cannot approach, or even seem to approach, or recede from us. Whenever we say an object is at a distance, whenever we say it draws near, or goes farther off, we must always mean it of the latter sort, which properly belong to the touch, and are not so truly perceived as suggested by the eye, in like manner as thought by the ear.

There are writers who are primarily visual and there are writers who are primarily aural: Swinburne, for instance, is dominated by his sense of hearing: he seems never to have looked at anything. Walter Pater is dominated by his eyesight; he can make us see the movement of a procession, but the movements are all soundless. George Berkeley was a writer to whom the world revealed itself in visual images. He was primarily a man who saw, whose imagination and intellect were fed by what he saw. It was natural that the preface to his philosophical system should be "A New Theory of Vision." To the discoveries of that essay he returns in the Dialogues written long afterwards —"Alciphron," composed during his sojourn in Rhode Island:

Alciphron: What am I to think? Do we see anything at all, or is it altogether fancy and illusion?

Euphranor: Upon the whole it seems the proper objects of sight are light and colors, with their several shades and degrees: all which, being infinitely diversified and combined, do form a language wonderfully adapted to suggest and exhibit to us the distance, figures, situations, dimensions, and various qualities of tangible objects—not by similitude, nor yet by inference of necessary connection, but by the arbitrary imposition of Providence, just as words suggest the things signified by them. . . . If we have been all practising this language, ever since our first entrance into the world: if the Author of Nature constantly speaks to the eyes of all mankind, even in their earliest infancy, whenever the eyes are open in the light, whether alone or in company: it does not seem to me at all strange that men should not be aware they had ever learned a language begun so early, and practised so constantly, as this of Vision. And, if we also consider that it is the same throughout the whole world, and not, like other languages, differing in different places, it will not seem unaccountable that men should mistake the connection between the proper objects of sight and the things signified by them to be founded in necessary relation or likeness; or, that they should even take them for the same things. Hence it seems easy to conceive why men who do not think should confound in this language of vision the signs with the things signified, otherwise than they are wont to do in the various particular languages formed by the several nations of men.

It is in his Dialogues that Berkeley is at his freest and his best—the Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous and

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the Seven Dialogues entitled "Alciphron." Here is a prose that performs with grace the function of prose—a prose not too familiar and yet without eloquence or near-poetry, the prose of inquiry and demonstration with the rhythm of speech and a vocabulary that belongs to the conversation of articulate and cultivated people who have access to the source of English written and spoken. These Dialogues respect a form which has for its boundary, its almost indefinable boundary, the limit at which the subject becomes exhausted. Berkeley's artistry is in the fact that he does not exhaust the subject: he shows in a form in which it is too easy to be neglectful of it, that quality which he admired in the writings of Locke—the quality of being "determinate": Berkeley is determinate: his Dialogues have boundary. To be sure, they have the defect that has been inherent in the philosophical dialogue since its beginning: disguised as conversation they are examinations of a point of view which is to be refuted, examinations of a witness for the defense by an expert counsel; as in Plato's the protagonist is a designing fellow who gets the antagonist to make admissions which destroy his case. But the philosophical dialogue, working as it does towards a preconceived conclusion, must be always that sort of thing.

With the last page of "Alciphron," Berkeley as the philosopher of immaterialism closes his career. He was to produce another philosophical work, "Siris," as an attempt to give the world a panacea in the Tar-water used by the American Indians. This "Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries, etc.," is as interesting as it is curious; it is something between a curiosity of literature and a classic, between a tract and a philosophical treatise, between a cabalistic revelation and a pamphlet on public and pressing affairs. The prose is that of a master. The sentences, however, are no longer light and bright as coming from response to sensation; they are from a mind whose interest is in ideas and doctrine; the shadow of the occult is on them giving them ponderosity, and they often have that muffled dignity that dealers in a secret doctrine sometimes get into their writing. It is a different philosopher and one with a philosophy entirely different from the keeper of "The Commonplace Book," the philosopher of the "New Theory of Vision," of the "Principles of Human Knowledge" and the "Dialogues" whom we encounter in the forger of the chain that extends through the microcosm and the macrocosm. Berkeley is no longer an immaterialist: "the immediate, mechanical, or instrumental cause, that moves or animates all its parts, is the pure elementary fire or spirit of the world." So there is something besides God and perceiving spirits. Matter has been refined until it can be entitled "This Æther or pure invisible Fire," but it is there and it has high status—"so quick in its motions, so subtle and penetrating in its nature, so extensive in its effects, it seemeth no other than the Vegetative Soul or Vital Spirit of the World." Berkeley's universe is now the Universe of Light.

George Berkeley must appear to us now as the most prophetic of the great minds of the Baroque. If the nineteenth century belonged to Spinoza, and if the twentieth is to belong to Leibnitz, it will not belong to him solely: Berkeley, we can now be certain, will have his decades in it. As we read him a great epoch is brought before us. The age of outer discovery is closed and the age of inner discovery is inaugurated; the Newtonian universe which fostered our technics has come into being; the sense of boundlessness has become native to Spengler's Faustian man, and something that is between resignation and enterprise goes into the verses that the Greek Lecturer in Dublin University wrote:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first Acts already past,
A fifth shall close the Drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

Padraic Colum, poet, dramatist, and critic, and formerly editor of The Irish Review, *Dublin, has long been interested in philosophy.*

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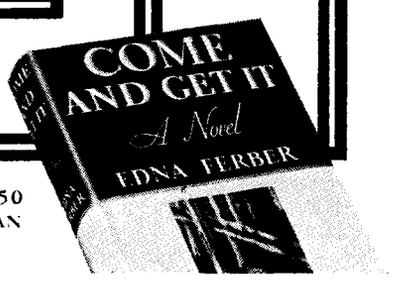

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Consumers' Problems

THE CONSUMER SEEKS A WAY. By Clark Foreman and Michael Ross. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by T. SWANN HARDING

IT would be unfair to the authors for the reviewer not to state at the outset that he has, for some unknown reason, a perfectly ferocious dislike of books written in this style. The type method of presentation to which reference is made is that of presenting a serious thesis by means of conversation carried on by deliberately invented characters who possess no reality *per se* and whose conversation is usually stilted in the extreme.

Therefore, when we glanced at this book, we felt what a terrific chore it would be to scan. Considerably to our surprise we found it not difficult to read and even interesting. In other words we did not scan it. We read it, and we would unhesitatingly recommend it to those who would like quickly to grasp the position of consumption in this so-called profit economy of ours. The style is clear and the facts may be grasped easily. Moreover the authors adopt a detached, scientific viewpoint and are eminently fair to all agencies discussed, bringing out their good and bad points with admirable impartiality.

Mr. John Littleman, the hero of this tale, finds himself without a job at the beginning of the story, if we may call it that. Having worked hard, been conscientious, saved his money, and followed all the success adages, he suddenly discovers that he no longer has standing as a consumer in a profit economy based on the price system. This happens through no fault of his own. Indeed, if his deductions may be trusted, it follows because his superiors who ran the bank in which he had worked were either very stupid or were, like himself, overwhelmed by an economic tornado.

With some leisure on his hands he decides to study out this matter. He therefore consults economists of several schools, radicals of the communist sect, manufacturers, business men, politicians, ordinary workers of both white collar and pick-and-shovel varieties, those in charge of Federal relief agencies, doctors and other professional men, farmers, and the organizers of consumer aid of both the governmental and private-by-fee types. The reader is permitted to follow Littleman's conversations with people at all these various levels of intelligence and economic privilege. The style carries him along almost in spite of himself and he learns, if nothing else, that the disorganization of a national economic system is too complex a problem to be solved by any simple panacea.

He learns also that practically everybody, whether conservative or radical, whether a banker or a communist, whether a manufacturer of frauds or an official of Consumers' Research, whether an academic economist of the old school, a business man, or a professional man in charge of certain government policies concerned with relief and rehabilitation—everybody has his relatively simple solution for the problem. This depends upon his frame of reference as the physicists express it, or upon what Kenneth Burke would call his orientation to life and its problems in general. That orientation determines what he shall think and beyond its confines he can neither reason clearly nor even imagine what occurs.

The concluding chapter of the book endeavors to summarize. We are told that "we must definitely get on with the job of making this country one in which all of us can live decently." The authors feel that "the New Deal is the beginning of such a policy." The Tennessee Valley Authority "provides an excellent example of how the thing should be done." Such agencies as the Federation of Women's Clubs, Kiwanis Clubs, Rotary, League of Women Voters, the County Consumer Councils, and the National Emergency Council are highly commended to consumer attention. Again we come to an orientation which the reader may or may not find agreeable but the route thereto is full of interest and pleasant instruction.

T. Swann Harding is the author of "The Popular Practice of Fraud."

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Correspondence of a Forgotten Crusader

LETTERS OF THEODORE DWIGHT WELD, ANGELINA GRIMKÉ WELD AND SARAH GRIMKÉ. Edited by Gilbert H. Barnes and Dwight L. Dumond. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON and Wendell Phillips have so long been publicized as the chief trumpeters of the Abolition Crusade in America that one is apt to forget that the cause was brilliantly served by other zealous humanitarians in the generation before the trial of battle in 1861. Some of them have had their memorialists; others have passed into ill-deserved obscurity. Perhaps the greatest of these was the revivalist Theodore Dwight Weld, for many years Abolition's chief driving force outside of Garrison's New England bailiwick. Indeed, the editors of the present volumes believe that he was "the movement's man of power, the greatest factor in its triumph." That he has become one of the forgotten men of the crusade is largely because he shunned publicity, office, and honor. A modest man, Weld invited obscurity.

The letters comprising the present collection were part of a trunkful of correspondence retrieved a couple of years ago from the appropriate obscurity of a Massachusetts farmhouse. Covering the years from 1822 to 1844 they reveal to us how Weld gradually turned from the saving of souls to the winning of freedom for the black man. Included in the volumes are more than one hundred letters written by Weld, about sixty by two noted Abolitionists from South Carolina, Angelina and Sarah Grimké, the former of whom became the wife of the evangelist, and about 250 letters addressed to Weld and the Grimké sisters by laborers in the anti-slavery vineyard. Taken collectively the correspondence offers impressive testimony as to the sincerity and religious fervor which characterized the Abolitionists, but one is also impressed with their obliviousness to the economic realities involved. Weld's point of view in the contest was stated in a message which he sent in 1836 to the New York Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society:

> In discussing the subject of slavery, I have always presented it as preëminently a *moral* question, arresting the conscience of the nation. . . . As a question of politics and national economy, I have passed it with scarce a look or a word.

The lay reader is not likely to find these volumes engaging reading, but the specialist, while perhaps wishing that the editors' blue pencil had been more generously applied in the excision of non-essential material, will find in them a treasure-trove of information as to the inner workings, the spiritual ardor, and the bickerings that attended the formative years of the Abolition movement.

A. Howard Meneely is on the faculty of Dartmouth College.

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The New Books

Biography

HARVEST. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Florence and Naboth Hedin. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $2.50.

This collection of sketches and addresses is worth adding to Miss Lagerlöf's more formal biographical narratives, "Marbacka" and "Memories of My Childhood." It would be of no great importance by itself, is no more than a gleaning from the harvest of a writer whose qualities made her work famous and well-loved many years ago, and who has continued to please a great audience without showing any particular development. For the rest, people who win Nobel Prizes, in the literary field at least, are wont to bear themselves forever with a sort of majesty; and the author of these fragments assumes their worth by virtue of their origin.

Perhaps the secret of her success with the multitude lies in the formula of her temperament. Like her master, Hans Andersen, she blends the melancholy of the northern race with an almost voluptuous sentimentalism. The first of the "Swedish Legends and Recollections" that make up the opening section of this book takes us back once more to Marbacka, the ancestral home, at the moment of parting. The place must be sold, the family try not to spoil their last days by speaking of their loss. An old peasant who had once brought his clarinet to all family festivities is heard playing melancholy airs in a little grove near the house. It is his way of saying farewell to them and to the past; and so brings home to them the reality of parting: "Thanks and praise be to God," the memory ends, "that the hard truth came wrapped in happy memories, in feelings of regret and gratitude!"

The sentence might be taken as a motto for these papers as a whole. Miss Lagerlöf's road was not always smooth. Fulfilment of her ambition to become a writer and famous was delayed longer than with most of the successful ones. She fell under the art for art's sake spell of her time, aspired to be a stylist, a poet, a prosateur: and only after finding her true vein discovered that substance must produce style, not style substance in any really creative process. In these sketches the setting of her life appears, and many of the critical incidents and personages that determined its course. The group of occasional addresses that close the book express a later phase, in which the eminence of the artist gave her a ready hearing for whatever she might care to say about matters beyond the literary field.

H. W. B.

Fiction

MONTANA ROAD. By Harry Sinclair Drago. Morrow. 1935. $2.

The old Bozeman trail was called "The Montana Road." Mr. Drago says in his foreword that he has taken a little liberty with this name, allowable in fiction, and a few slight liberties with history. Otherwise, "I believe that 'Montana Road' is historically accurate, even to details which can be of little consequence to the average reader." This reviewer is entirely willing to concede its accuracy. The only trouble with it is, to him, that Mr. Drago's method of writing a novel now rather dates. It's a good, forthright method and many novelists have followed it in the past. It is hale and it is hearty. But despite some decidedly interesting detail, the bones of the plot have been well picked over by former fictioneers, and the old tale of love and valor is a little ravelled out in its leggin's.

Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, who wrote all those Buffalo Bill books in my boyhood, was somewhat more rough-hewn, but at the same time he was exciting too, if hardly so accurate. There's a smatch of Colonel Ingraham about this writing.

(*Continued on page* 19)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THIS IS MURDER *Charles J. Kenny* (Morrow: $2.)	Advt. agency exec. gets into kidnapping case for thrills, runs into murder, political mess, and has jolly good time.	Super-speedy action, gobs of good talk, enough smirched suspects to keep reader well puzzled, and a smash ending.	Extra good
SHOT AT DAWN *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead & Co.: $2.)	Dead man on anchored boat ostensibly shot from distant shore starts Dr. Priestley on some very slick deducing.	Nice puzzle for those who prefer studies of deduction to slam-bang action. Leisurely but flawless.	For adepts
THE BODY IN THE BUNKER *Herbert Adams* (Lippincott: $2)	Quarrelsome golfer found dead in "Hell" bunker. Young lawyer, to save suspect friend, beats police to solution.	Some good golf, a little romance, well-hidden criminal with nasty ideas, and average detective work.	Par

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THERE'S a book translated from the Hungarian that is one of the most interesting of the new volumes of verse; not because I think the translation remarkable as poetry, but because this epic drama, "The Tragedy of Man" (in fifteen scenes, by *Imre Madách*, translated from the original by *Charles Henry Meltzer* and *Paul Vajda* [Macmillan, $2.50]), has already appeared in French, German, Russian, Italian, etc., and has been performed in a dozen famous theatres in Europe. The publishers call this a dramatic poem "of the type of Goethe's 'Faust,'" and in general outline it *is* of that type. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether the Magyar genius does not lose in an English presentation most of its lingual felicities. Madách wrote his long poem about seventy years ago, and was only about forty-two when he died. His mystery-play begins in Heaven, and, as is pointed out in the Introduction, there are essential differences between its scheme and that of "Faust," though there are also certain surface similarities. One difference is that in "Faust" woman is but episodic, while in "The Tragedy of Man," Adam and Eve are the symbolic Man and Wife of all ages. They stand on the same level. Lucifer, as the Spirit of Negation, in Madách's poem is a far grander figure than Mephistopheles. The series of dreams through which he has Adam pass, "each a short act in itself," are a distinctive part of the drama. Do not expect, if you tackle this book, to be particularly struck by the originality of its language. You won't be. Read it rather for its conception and philosophical argument.

The Oxford University Press has recently brought out both the "Love Poems" of *W. H. Davies*, comprising fifty-one lyrics in a small blue volume (for $1.25), and also "The Poems of W. H. Davies," for three dollars. Of these collected poems there are well over five hundred. We have a bond with this English poet, who belongs among the Georgians, because he wandered once in America; in fact he lost a leg on the way to the Klondike! When he returned to London he lived in common lodging-houses. You may remember *Bernard Shaw's* introduction to Davies's "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp." There is a certain Blakeian touch in some of Davies's work. His is a most sagacious simplicity. You will find him a rewarding poet to dip into every now and then. Take this excellent brevity, for instance:

OURSELVES

We live to read each other's soul—
We dare not read our own for shame!
But since I dare to know myself,
Where I condemn I share the blame.

I know my very seeds of thought,
Before they flower, or leaves are shown:
I see your fault with lazy eyes,
To cast their lightning on my own!

Dodd, Mead & Company have brought out a new edition of the lyrics of "Vagabondia," by *Bliss Carman* and *Richard Hovey*, including both "Songs from Vagabondia" and "More Songs from Vagabondia" in one volume, completely reset. It is hardly necessary to say that this makes a delightful book, as these light-hearted songs and ballads were the forerunners of a new insurgency in American poetry. They came at the beginning of the century; they held the true spirit of youth, of comradeship, of delight in life. No wonder they sold well! To anyone not familiar with them I can recommend them highly, as tonic and enheartening.

"Poems," by *Kenneth Fearing* (New York: Dynamo, 114 W. 14th Street, $1), has taken its inspiration as to binding and typography from Random House's presentation of the "Poems" of *Stephen Spender*. That book, however, was blue, and this book is red, naturally enough, as Mr. Fearing is a communist poet. His first book was "Angel Arms," 1929. He is now thirty-three years old. In an introduction to this volume *Edward Dahlberg* feels that Mr. Fearing's "life, temperament, and talents" recall *Tristan Corbière*, "but a Corbière with Marxian insights."

A good deal of Mr. Fearing's work reads like nightmares induced by New York newspapers and modern American civilization. But he can sum up things trenchantly at times:

An envoy bearing again an after-luncheon wreath to the tomb of the patriot dead,
stocks firmer, meanwhile, on rumors of drought and war,
and Zorrocco, not knowing Mabel loves Jim, has returned to use her for his criminal schemes; but in a motor crash he is killed, Mabel winning at last to happiness in Jim's arms,
as hundreds, thousands, millions search the want ads, search the factories, search the subways, search the streets, search to sleep in missions, jungles, depots, parks, sleep to wake again to gutters, scrapheaps, breadlines, jails,
Unknown to the beautiful, beautiful, beautiful Mabel; unknown to the deathray smile of president or priest; unknown to Zorrocco, Jim, or the unknown soldier; unknown to WGN and the bronze, bronze bells of Sunday noon.

It seems to me that that is effective irony. One has only to observe Sixth Avenue on Sunday below Columbus Circle, the Radio City audiences, the wanderers, the public mooning over screen romances with the human derelicts stalking by its side; Sunday of the comic supplement and the blah of the radio! The picture is too uncomfortable.

Still, I am not at all ready to admit that *Carl Sandburg* didn't do this sort of thing even better. I do not deny Mr. Fearing rhythm. In "Dirge," for example, it is positively pounding:

just the same he wore one grey tweed suit, bought one straw hat, drank one

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straight Scotch, walked one short step, took one long look, drew one deep breath,
just one too many,

And wow he died as wow he lived,
going whop to the office and blooie home to sleep and biff got married and bam had children and oof got fired,
zowie did he live and zowie did he die.

That isn't nonsense; it catches the tempo of American city life!

Do you call it poetry? I doubt it; but it is interesting running commentary on American characteristics. In "Twentieth Century Blues" and "Denoument" (which has a fine ending, even though the poet cannot spell "dénouement" correctly) there is grave questioning, the more impressive for supplying no answer. Mr. Fearing's is not a cheering book to read, but it haunts one, just as some of Carl Sandburg's poems would haunt one for days. Fearing is less coherent than Sandburg was, and more limited; about his only advantage over the older poet is that he is now a little more up-to-date. His poems are as much of the times as, in the drama, is *Clifford Odet's* "Waiting for Lefty." I advise my readers to take a look at them.

John Black, in his "Marjorie Black, and Other Poems" (Putnam), the title poem being a tribute to his Scotch mother, is more or less a disciple of Walt Whitman. His title-poem, as a human portrait, is worth reading. At the beginning of his book he writes his own "Prologue to Identity,"

Up through Browning,
Up through Whitman, Lincoln, Shakespeare,—
Up and up—
On and on—
Till I stand
Alone.

The book, with the "Boyhood Verses" appended, is a not altogether successful attempt to achieve this identity. Black is a rather rhetorical idealist, and somewhat too fond of the exclamatory phrase. He has edited his father's poems and a book by Whitman. He has had a long journalistic career, and has long been encouraged by *Edwin Markham*.

Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff, the well-known poet, recently received the degree of Master of Arts at Juniata College, Huntington, Pa. She is giving poetry readings on the air.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 63)

D. G. ROSSETTI—
"THE HOUSE OF LIFE"

High grace, the dower of queens; and therewithal
S o m e wood - born wonder's sweet simplicity;
A glance like water brimming with the sky
Or hyacinth-light where forest-shadows fall . . .
Deep golden locks, her sovereign coronal.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 17)

Toward the end we have the Custer massacre, though not as well told as Mr. Van de Water wrote of it in his recent biography of Custer. Still there are undoubtedly readers for this adequate Western, and it may even make the movies. One element it contains which we like, an intelligent attitude toward the American Indian.

W. R. B.

THE BOTTOM OF THE MATTER. By Anna Robeson Burr. Appleton-Century. 1935. $2.

Mrs. Burr may have set out to write, as the jacket of her book states, "a shrewd, delicate novel of character which solves the mystery of personality," but, if so, she changed her mind before she was half through, and finished instead with a mild detective story having little to do with the character of the man in question.

When Miles Headlam began his research for a biography of that world-renowned novelist, Roger Marradine, he did not suspect that there were specters in the gentleman's past that would rise up to threaten the fair lady widowed by his death. So it is with incredulity that he finds himself in Italy acting as *preux chevalier* to Mrs. Marradine, and foiling the plots of a villain seeking to undo her. But Miles meets the situation masterfully, tracks the villain to his lair, and wins for himself the lovely lady he has saved. The story is weakly motivated, but written with realism and restraint, and it weaves enough suspense to command attention to the end.

ONE-EYED MOON. By Marguerite Steen. Little, Brown. 1935. $2.50.

Miss Steen, who will be remembered for her fine study of Spanish life, "Matador," has in her new novel gone into remoter Spanish country, to a village in the hills. At the beginning of her story, one of the peasants, Aurelio, comes home from a visit to the city, so hypnotized by some emotional experience he has undergone that when he finds his wife in the agonies of giving premature birth to a daughter, the news scarcely touches him; he only says that the child is to be called Maravilla. A flashback tells of his meeting with the actress Maravilla, and spending a night with her, which deeply touched his poet's soul; and a still earlier flashback tells of his marriage with a girl whose aunt loved him. The story follows Aurelio and little Maravilla till she grows up, meets the son of her father and the ac-

(*Continued on page* 22)

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The Clearing House

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Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

THE TIME OF MAN. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. *Viking.*

JOHN BROWN'S BODY. By Stephen Vincent Benét. *Doubleday, Doran.*

HENRY VIII. By Francis Hackett. *Liveright.*

The British Isles

L. B. P. of Andover, Ohio, *who is chairman of the Program Committee of a club which plans to spend its next season on a study of the history and literature of the British Isles from* 1900 *to the present time, wishes a list of books covering that period. She wants especially the more up-to-date ones and those on Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.*

HERE is a subject where the difficulty is not in getting sufficient material to recommend but in selecting from the mass of available books those which would best suit the club's purpose. First and foremost to dispatch the literature of the British Isles, there is no more convenient brief survey that is at once authoritative and readable than J. W. Cunliffe's ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (Macmillan), a volume which carries British literary annals down to the writers who are producing the reading of the moment. Taken in conjunction with CONTEMPORARY BRITISH LITERATURE (Harcourt, Brace), by Manly and Rickert, and with LIVING AUTHORS and AUTHORS TODAY AND YESTERDAY (both Wilson), excellent compendiums to fall back upon for biographical detail, this ought to provide the club with the material for a critical discussion for which the other works will furnish factual material. This group of books seems to me particularly useful for the purposes of club study.

As for history, the King's Jubilee has called forth a number of biographies which constitute a chronicle of the past twenty-five years and together with such works as Sir Sidney Lee's official two-volume life of EDWARD VII (Macmillan) and E. F. Benson's shorter and livelier study of that monarch (Longmans, Green), cover the years from 1900 to the present. D. C. Somervell's REIGN OF GEORGE V (Harcourt, Brace), one of the most recent histories to make its appearance, affords an admirable background for such a personal narrative as John Buchan's THE PEOPLE'S KING (Houghton Mifflin), which, as might be surmised from the recent enthusiasm in England, is a life of King George. I should advise the club, if it really wishes to get a composite picture of what the England of the past three decades has been, not to stop with such books as these, but to take such other works as Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's illuminating and interesting VICTORIAN AFTERMATH and VICTORIAN SUNSET (Morrow), books in which is set forth the attitude toward life, the habits, conventions, ideals, and prejudices of the now passing elder generation; Paul Cohen-Portheim's ENGLAND, THE UNKNOWN ISLE (Dutton), one of the best studies to be found of contemporary English civilization, and J. B. Priestley's ENGLISH JOURNEY (Harpers), a super-travel book from which is to be drawn more information on the Englishman of the day than from many a solemn narrative.

For a concrete statistical account of the Ireland of recent times, with particular emphasis on educational matters, the club might turn to Ernest Barker's IRELAND IN THE LAST FIFTY YEARS (Oxford University Press) which brings its survey down to 1918. Scribners, in their Modern World Series, publish a volume on Ireland which is an impartial study of the social, political, religious, and economic aspects of the country. For the Irish Free State there is Denis Rolleston Gwynn's IRISH FREE STATE (Macmillan), a chronicle of the first stage in its evolution, 1922-1927.

I don't know anything more promising on Wales than WELSH PEOPLE, by Sir John Rhys and Sir David Brynmor Jones, which was published in London by Unwin in 1904, went into four editions, and seems to have gone out of print in 1933. This is a study of "the origin, history, laws, language, literature, and characteristics" of the Welsh, and consists partly of extracts from the Report of the Royal commission on land in Wales and Monmouthshire. The Oxford University Press issues a volume on economic and social conditions by Arthur H. Dodd entitled THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION IN NORTH WALES.

For this little country as well as for Scotland, and indeed, for Ireland, too, I think the club might well turn to the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA. An interesting, if elementary, history of Scotland is Robert Laird Mackie's SHORT HISTORY OF SCOTLAND (Oxford University Press), of which the second volume covers the period from the Reformation to the present day.

Finally, as a sort of gloss on the twentieth century the club might read FIFTY YEARS (Dial Press), "a composite picture of the period 1882-1932" for which twenty-seven contributors to the *London Times* have furnished chapters. Among them are such eminent authorities as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur Pinero, H. A. L. Fisher, and General Sir Ian Hamilton, and between them they have commented upon and interpreted the beliefs, ideas, ideals, and modes of life of the Great Britain of recent times and the present.

Jules Renard

Can you advise (*writes* W. F. Q. of Ardmore, Pa.) *where I may get* The Journal of Jules Renard, *mentioned by W. Somerset Maugham in his Preface to* EAST AND WEST?

So far as I can discover the *Journal* has never been translated into English. It appears in a French edition from the press of Bernouard of Paris under the title Journal Inédit, 1887-1910, and *Il Diario di Jules Renard* comes from Francisco C. Massi in Italy.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

DR. JAMES G. EDWARDS, M.D., author of a new Crime Club mystery—*Murder in the Surgery*—gave poor old Q. a bad night recently. Old Q. was under observation for an attack of appendicitis. He had turned the corner without having to go to the hospital, and was loafing pleasantly at home, when he decided to read himself to sleep with Dr. Edwards. The story begins with a certain Doctor Carson in a Chicago hospital gently poking an appendix patient. The laboratory phones that the blood count is "11,000 white cells, 70% polys."

"Not so hot," remarks the doctor to the nurse. "Send him to the ward with an ice bag."

Here, thought Old Q., this is getting close to home. He read hastily on to see what happened to the patient. On page 19 "the blood count showed 14,000 white cells, with 84% polys. Carson decided to operate."

By now Old Q. was feeling decidedly nervous. Only two days before *his* blood count had been 17,800 white cells and 85% polys. It seemed to him now that he could feel that pain coming back in the "lower right quadrant." He thought over some of the miscellaneous errors of his career and wondered if tomorrow morning would be too late to begin amends. . . . Surely the hospital staff in the story took the patient's woes very calmly? . . . Not even the murder of one of the nurses a few pages farther on was entirely sufficient to divert his mind. He slept eventually, and felt better in the morning. It's a good yarn, Doctor, but not to be chosen by a reader who's just had a pretty high blood pressure. Now it's all over, what *are* "polys"?

☞The *worst* book Old Q. has read lately is *Besides, the Wench Is Dead* (Doubleday, Doran). ☞A novel that pleases him highly for its grim twist of horror is *Skin for Skin*, by Winifred Duke (Little, Brown)—in which a British charwoman vents the sardonic *mot*, "'Oo'd be bothered murderin' a married woman except 'er 'usband?" This story has many of the appurtenances that please Q. best in British fiction—a "mackintosh," a "scullery," a telephone "kiosk," and a "coconut pudding." Almost everything except a "kerb." ☞The most thoroughly British phenomenon Q. has seen lately was a door in the White Star M. V. *Georgic* marked SLOPS No. 2. ☞A book highly praised by readers we have reason to trust is Professor C. G. Osgood's *The Voice of England* (Harpers). ☞Captain David Bone, commander of the Anchor Line *Transylvania*, has written a very agreeable essay embodying meditations on the bridge while his ship and many others were held up overnight by fog in the Ambrose Channel. For which we suggest the title *Noctes Ambrosianae*. ☞George Seiffert, Doubleday Doran's senior salesman, left this week for his first trip to the Far East and the Antipodes. He goes to Hawaii, Australia, New Zealand, the Pacific archipelago (hopes to sell a copy of *Thursday Evening* on Thursday Island), then Manila, Tokyo and Shanghai. Bonza, George! ☞One of Old Q.'s ambitions is some day to be wealthy enough to buy that magnificent *Citizens' Atlas of the World* published by Bartholomew (Edinburgh) at 42 shillings.

☞Noted in a catalogue from Gelber-Lilienthal, 336 Sutter Street, San Francisco, one of the very rare first edition copies of Kate Douglas Wiggin's *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, printed in S. F. in 1887. ☞We like the name of the Misty Isles Bookshop at 89 East Main St., Mount Kisco, N. Y. ☞Old Q. is pleased by an envelope that comes in the mail imprinted for The Old Sun Inn, Bethlehem, Pa., "An Inn Older than the United States." The envelope confides further that the Old Sun was built in 1758, "has never been destroyed by fire or rebuilt," and entertained every President from Washington to Lincoln.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
TILL HEAVEN CRACKS *Micheline Keating* (Hartney Press: $2.)	Novel	Sensitive, newly successful Swedish artist becomes almost a member of the family of an American armament king—almost.	Excellent time-killer
SMALL TOWN GIRL *Ben Ames Williams* (Dutton: $2.)	Romance	Young Boston physician recovers from brawl to find himself married to gal whose qualities don't appeal to him right away.	Serial
PHILBERT *Frank Owen* (Greenberg: $1.50.)	Cartoons	Album of the collected antics of the weirdly accomplished child featured weekly in *Collier's*.	Insane
LITTLE WORLD *Rian James* (King: $2.)	Novel	Department store people run the well-known gamut.	So-so

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One Good Up-Turn Deserves Another

BOOKSTORE sales of *The Saturday Review* in its new format are on the way up. Reader interest grows with every issue. Now, with the new display stand which will be ready next week, dealers should chalk up record sales. Made of metal, finished in three colors, this stand will again display and sell both the new books and copies of the magazine. And, although costing us over a dollar apiece to manufacture, complete display units will be mailed postpaid to dealers in special cartons at less than that figure. Next week we shall be able to quote the exact price. If your display unit is not already on order, send us a card today.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 19*)

tress, and becomes his lover without knowing that he is her half-brother, and then narrates the discovery.

It will be seen that the story might well have all the faults of melodrama; but it avoids them by its high mood, by a kind of melancholy dignity which belongs both to the characters and the style, and which one thinks of as characteristically Spanish. Nevertheless, though it avoids the risk of melodrama, the plot of "The One-Eyed Moon" is less satisfactory than that of "Matador"; it is the least successful element in the book. The interest is dangerously divided between the generations, and the artificial time-order of the narration does not help. The author seems to have set herself some problems which she cannot fully solve. But it is a book worth reading for its impression of Spain. It calls to mind a sentence of Donn Byrne's, in "Blind Raftery," when the woman of Spain bids him see Spain, and he answers, "I see a harsh, good land, like a harsh, good wine." It calls to mind the brilliant and gloomy pictures of Goya and Zuloaga. We cannot speak at first hand for the accuracy of the impression, but Miss Steen has either penetrated very deep into the Spanish soul, or else she has so vividly conceived a country of her own as to impose it upon the reader absolutely.

B. D.

Miscellaneous

THE BIG TOWN. New York Day by Day. By O. O. McIntyre. Dodd, Mead. 1935. $1.25.

Here are Odd McIntyre's fifty-one favorite columns. If you follow him in *The New York American,* second section, first left-hand column, as does this reviewer, you will be glad to know that this veteran columnist has now gathered together a culling of his best comment upon the tall town. For by and large, north and south, east and west, the McIntyre column keeps up a pretty remarkable batting average through the year. If it isn't quite all things to all men it's the kind of comment on New York we like to read. McIntyre gets around practically all over town and also has rich memories of an older New York to draw up.

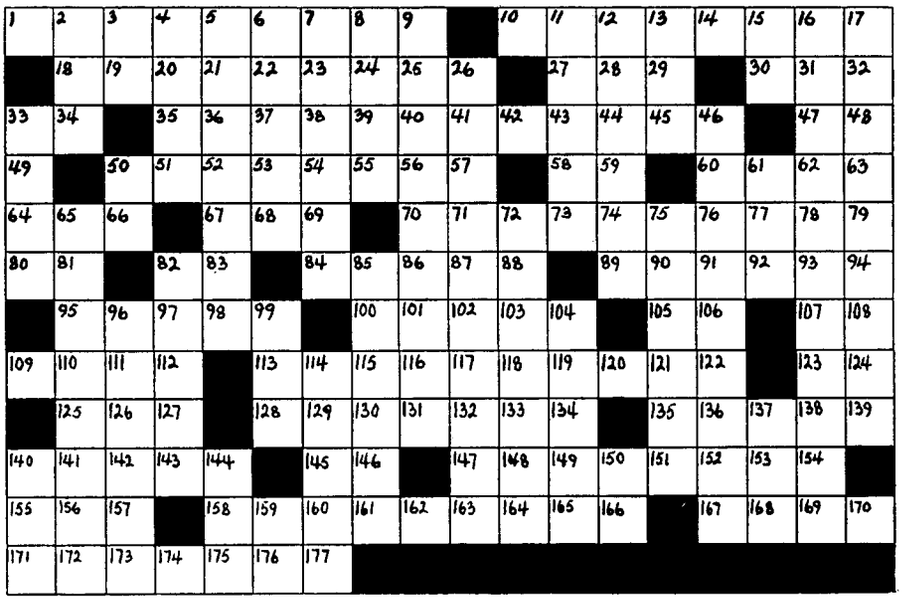
We've cracked down on only two mistakes or misprints, one *arbiter elegantorium* for *arbiter elegantiarum,* and the other *Edward* Arlington Robinson for *Edwin* Arlington Robinson. But the anecdotal McIntyre is about as beguiling as any journalist we have ever read, and he has developed considerable nimbleness in phraseology. And even when he is merely telling you that the only city of any size he never received a letter from is Baton Rouge, La., he somehow manages to make it interesting. As for the people he knows, he must know almost all the writers in New York, and most of the theatrical profession.

Put this book in your bag when you're going away for the summer, and pick it up every time you get homesick for New York. It will remind you in a most pleasant way of one of the most fantastic towns in existence.

W. R. B.

Double Crostics: No. 64

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. Squandering.	5 110 103 42 174 146 136 131
II. To refresh by watering.	39 161 149 77 109 130 171 51
III. Novel by Disraeli.	93 106 58 11 123 79 99
IV. Source of forgetfulness.	119 44 163 70 89
V. Originate.	24 45 73 2 61 31
VI. One of the seven hills of Rome.	165 97 118 26 13 54 173 80
VII. Earthly.	38 68 4 94 12 170 74
VIII. Ancient divinity.	128 139 120 96
IX. Epic hero.	82 98 40 104 47 124
X. Weight, substance.	1 142 137 30
XI. Expression of a paper's views.	35 50 72 113 169 107 160 86 8
XII. English novelist (1884-——).	87 10 43 156 95 121 69 125 145 55
XIII. Tufted ornament.	53 41 167 158 148 84
XIV. Bad luck.	6 132 151 62 20 66
XV. Signal stage of history.	18 64 172
XVI. Platonic dialogue.	168 90 32 127 157 59
XVII. International tribunal.	114 102 65 22 14
XVIII. Immorality, corruption.	57 63 159 75 153 19 141 23 177
XIX. Surpass in duration.	67 60 78 21 3 52 176
XX. Flourishes in writing.	100 28 17 154 175 135 164 49 144
XXI. Ragged.	33 37 83 88 56 111 140 101 116 155 166 7 25 71
XXII. Slayer of Clytemnestra.	91 29 115 134 138 34 150
XXIII. Difficult to please.	147 129 108 15 162 117 126
XXIV. Subdued sounds.	133 152 112 85 48 105 27 143 9 76
XXV. County in England.	46 92 81 122 16 36

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PERSONALS

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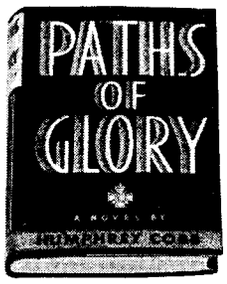

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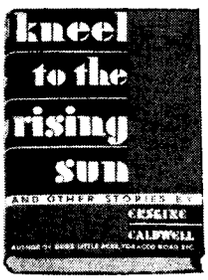

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